

The TATLER

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NAVAL WEDDING OF FORMER AMBASSADOR'S SON

Lieutenant Alan Phipps, R.N., second son of Sir Eric Phipps, former British Ambassador in Berlin and Paris, and of Lady Phipps of West Stowell, Marlborough, Wilts., was married on August 6th at the Church of Our Lady of The Assumption, Warwick Street, W., to the Hon. Veronica Fraser, daughter of the late Lord Lovat, and Laura Lady Lovat, of Beaufort Castle, Beaulieu, Inverness-shire. For the first time since the war, petty officers and naval ratings came to London in honour of the wedding of one of their officers, and drew the bridal car by means of ropes from the church to Sir Eric and Lady Phipps' home in Tite Street, where the reception was held. The bride is working as a V.A.D. in a British Hospital, but was serving with the French Army at Metz. She was given away by her brother, Lord Lovat, whose marriage to Miss Rosamond Delves-Broughton took place in 1938.



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

Growing Confusion in Europe

With each passing week confusion in Europe becomes worse confounded. When we consider the cataclysm which has overwhelmed a great part of the continent in the space of a single year, it could hardly be otherwise. For the normal mind it is impossible to understand how the Nazi leaders conceive that they can build up a new order in so delicately poised a structure through the initial medium of destruction. After more than twenty years the Russian Bolsheviks have not succeeded in re-ordering the territories of the Soviet Union. Yet in their case they had to deal with peoples far more amenable in characteristics than those who would constitute Hitler's Bolshevik Europe.

Despite a ruthless campaign of extermination in Poland, there is no evidence that the German occupied territory is settling



LORD HAWKE'S NIECE CHRISTENED

The second daughter of the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Hawke was given the names of Catherine Mary, when she was christened at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, last week. The Hon. Julian Hawke is Lord Hawke's only brother, and is a flight-lieutenant in the air force. In the group, left to right are: Mrs. Carrick, the baby's grandmother, the proud father and mother, and the baby, Lord Hawke, Sir Montague Batty, the baby's great grandfather and Frances Lady Hawke

down under the new order. On the contrary, reports are current of a new Russo-German agreement whereby Germany would relinquish her hold over a large part of the area in favour of Russia. It is even said that Warsaw would pass back under Russian domination—a cession which Hitler could doubtless explain to his people by reference back to the spurious "peace offer" which he pretended to have made to Poland on the day he launched his invasion.

In Desperate Plight

Although Hitler has had nearly a year in which to reorganize Poland, he has succeeded only in reducing the land to a famine-stricken, disease-ridden wilderness. Horses and livestock have been slaughtered and today the country is virtually without means of self-support. Nor has the spread of those epidemic diseases which follow in the wake of famine, halted at the German frontier—a fact which is causing grave concern to the Nazi authorities.

In Norway, although the occupation is of less than half a year's duration, starvation conditions already exist in some districts. Throughout the country a diet of fish and bread is the best that will be available to the population during the coming winter. Denmark is better off, but conditions are becoming grave in Holland and Belgium, where food stocks have been recklessly plundered by the invaders and little labour is available for gathering what remains of the harvests after the passage of the German war machine. Nor is it easy to see how the dairying industries can be maintained, cut off from imported feed for animals.

Conditions in France are obviously becoming

increasingly chaotic. Desperate efforts are being made by the invaders to secure the crops. Millions of refugees are being moved back to the north with this object. But if the northern area is, at the same time, to be the base of armed operations against Britain, it is not likely that a sullen population, obstructed by much movement of troops, will gather much from the fields in the weeks remaining.

Les Folies Vichy

Cut off completely from occupied France, the area designate "unoccupied" is plunging always into more grievous plight. An area normally holding a population of ten millions and without means of communication or transport beyond its confines, is faced with the necessity of providing food and shelter for more than twice that number of persons. The task would be herculean for any organizing body of men. Yet this motley collection of ministers now in charge, seem able to think of little beyond the pleasures of arraignment before



AT THE PHIPPS-FRASER WEDDING
LAST WEEK

Nearest the camera, Lord Lovat, brother of the bride, the former Hon. Veronica Fraser, with Captain Fleming. Lord Lovat is a captain in Lovat's Scouts, the famous yeomanry regiment his father raised. A picture of the bride and bridegroom Lieutenant Alan Phipps, R.N., is on the frontispiece of this issue



ALSO AT THE PHIPPS-FRASER
WEDDING

Lady Lovat and Mrs. Fleming at the wedding of Lord Lovat's sister to Lieutenant Alan Phipps, at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street, last week. Lieutenant Alan Phipps is the second son of Sir Eric and Lady Phipps. Sir Eric had been British Ambassador to France up to the year of this war

them the men who tried to rescue France from the fate which has befallen her.

To have fostered a defensive spirit; to have been ready to fight for liberty and justice; to have prepared for war; these, it now seems, were the worst offences that a Frenchman could perpetrate against his country. Gradually the "culprits" have been brought back to stand their trial. In many parts of the world French ambassadors have been recalled and others sent to replace them. Officials are bewildered by a multiplicity of new regulations, whose sole result to date has been to further complicate an economy already hardly viable.

What do the Germans care? The greater the confusion the less the chances of organized trouble. For it is evident that the German authorities are not altogether happy about the French situation. And, indeed, there has been Press evidence during the past week of a reviving spirit of resistance, though how this is to become effective for the moment is hard to see.

Colonel Donovan's Picture

Mr. Cudahy will arrive back in Washington substantially behind Colonel Donovan, whose visit to London passed almost unobserved, but was of first-class importance. He came to London four weeks ago on a mission inspired by Colonel Knox, the Secretary of the American Navy, backed by Mr. Stimpson, Mr. Cordell Hull and, finally, by President Roosevelt. Unlike Mr. Sumner Welles, who visited Europe earlier this year, he bore no special title as envoy, but probably obtained as much, or more, information about Britain's plans and war effort. Colonel Donovan has behind him a very fine mixed record of gallantry in the field and shrewd judgment in politics. I am not allowed to say very much about the main objects of his visit, which was essentially "informative." But there can be no harm in stating that before he left as the sole passenger in the first plane to resume the British North Atlantic air service he had achieved a great deal.

For Practical Collaboration

In the first place he was fully satisfied that Britain would give a first-class account of herself in any predictable set of circumstances. He also had no doubt about the ultimate outcome of our war with all comers. And, in pursuit of that thought he had laid the foundations for closer collaboration between Britain and the United States in several vital directions not hitherto discussed. Enough to remark that a great non-belligerent State, admirably served through its diplomatic posts in all parts of the world, obtains much information on the aims of the enemy. Add to that self-evident fact that the United States recognizes the dangers to "the Americas" of German penetration, and one can envisage the profits of trustful co-operation.

Incidentally, this very special envoy has remarkable powers of observation

and memory. During his trip he made several discoveries. One of these was that you can do more business in London outside of offices than inside of them. But he made no notes; and this disturbed his hosts, anxious to ensure that he should take back a complete and accurate picture on all the many aspects of our war effort which interested him. It resulted that Colonel Donovan left England heavily laden with memoranda, presented to him by anxious officials afraid that he might forget the most important point. Every sender was assured that his document would be of the greatest value. But, according to reputation, the colonel will not spend much of his time wading through them. He prefers to rely on his memory.

King Carol's Dilemma

King Carol, in his attempts to placate Germany, has shown himself ready to reverse the policy of his country which has

been obstinately maintained for twenty years. Having refused to consider any form of peaceful revision, he has yielded Bessarabia to the Russians and has allowed his ministers to say that they are ready to make territorial concessions to Hungary and Bulgaria. Now he seems to have been repudiated by the Iron Guard, Germany's Nazi outpost in Rumania, and by the powerful Peasant Party, which for so long was the backbone of the pro-French and anti-German policy of the country.

In both these groups there seems to have awakened belatedly a realization of the fate which awaits a country if it tries to fall in with the German scheme of things; to wit, France. We may also find that Russian diplomacy has been more cleverly conducted in Bucharest than that of Germany.

Looking at the present situation on a large map it is clear that Russia is engaged not only on expanding her rule over greater populations but, primarily, in improving her western frontiers from a defensive standpoint. Without doubt the Kremlin wishes to be sure that the line of the Transylvanian Alps will be fully defensible against attack. Much as King Carol hates the Russians, he may yet see them as less dangerous to his country than the Germans.

Berlin-Rome-Tokyo

For Britain the greatest difficulty in the next weeks and months will be to avoid all temptations to be drawn off on sideshows; because that is exactly what Hitler aims at. Last week he gave the word to Mussolini to begin operations in Africa. From the moment of the French collapse it has been obvious that the loss of that ally would be more serious in the Mediterranean area than in North-West Europe.

While the armies of General Nogues were standing to arms in Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia, half a million Italians were held in Western Libya. Similarly the Allied force in the Middle East had based its plans on the assumption of full co-operation with the army of General Mittelhauser in Syria, while the defence of Somaliland had also been worked out in common.

In the new circumstances Britain may have to accept certain territorial losses without strategic importance, but calculated to make better propaganda for our enemies than ourselves. There may even be temporary setbacks of an even more serious nature. But there could be no question of hastening to check these actions at the price of exposing the heart of the Empire to risk of annihilation.

Japan Waits Her Chance

Writing in these notes some weeks ago I warned against any easy assumption that the Government of Prince Konoye would not conduct its policy in close concert with that of Berlin and Rome. The first explosions of Anglophobia which showed themselves under the direction of the army by

(Continued on page 244)



Dorothy Wilding
MRS. FLEETWOOD HESKETH



Bertram Park
CAPTAIN C. P. FLEETWOOD HESKETH

Two of the oldest county families in Lancashire were united when Miss Mary Monica Assheton, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Assheton, of Downham Hall, Clitheroe, was married to Captain Charles Peter Fleetwood Hesketh, second son of Major and Mrs. Charles Hesketh Fleetwood Hesketh, of North Meols. The Assheton family has been seated at Downham for centuries and both families have provided High Sheriffs of the county on several occasions



AIDING BRITAIN IN AMERICA

Gertrude Lawrence, the famous actress, pinning the first of her War Relief Emblems on Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador to Washington. Gertrude Lawrence is hoping to collect a hundred thousand dollars for the British War Relief Society and they say is well on the way. The emblem shows a British lion rampant—most appropriate



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES GORDON RAMSAY AND HIS SISTER, MISS RAMSAY

Leaving Buckingham Palace after he had been invested with the K.C.B. in recognition of services in July, a month in which the Navy did so much in rescuing the Army from what looked like certain destruction



THE REV. ARTHUR NAYLOR, D.S.O., WITH MRS. NAYLOR AND THEIR DAUGHTER

The Rev. Arthur Naylor is Deputy Chaplain-General to the Forces, and has already been awarded the O.B.E. He was formerly in the Aldershot Command



MAJOR-GENERAL KENNETH ANDERSON AND HIS DAUGHTER

Major-General Anderson was one of the many Officers who received the C.B. at last week's Investiture at Buckingham Palace. Miss Anderson, like so many other patriotic people, is serving in the W.A.A.F.

WHOM THE KING DELIGHTED TO HONOUR LAST WEEK'S INVESTITURE



COLONEL CHARLES USHER WITH MRS. USHER AND MRS. BAIRD

Colonel Usher, who had the 1st Battalion the Gordons, was one of the many officers who were decorated with the D.S.O. at last week's Investiture. He had already got the O.B.E. for former services



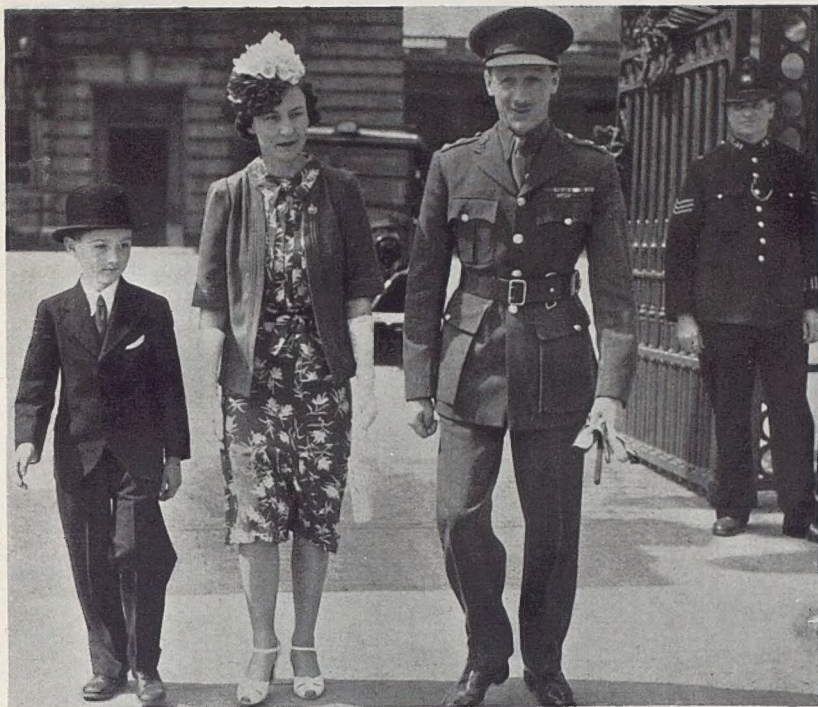
AIR COMMODORE CHARLES NUTTING, AND HIS DAUGHTER

Air Commodore Nutting was decorated with the C.B.E., a distinction additional to the many decorations earned in the first German war



MAJOR-GENERAL AND MRS. NOEL HOLMES AND THEIR DAUGHTER

Major-General Holmes, Director of Movements at the War Office, was decorated with the O.B.E., Military Division, and is seen leaving the Palace with his wife and daughter who is serving in an ambulance unit



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND MRS. NORMAN COXWELL-ROGERS AND THEIR SON

The D.S.O. was added to Lieutenant-Colonel Coxwell-Rogers' already fine "breast o' medals" at last week's Investiture. He is a Sapper by trade, as may be said



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT JOHN SIMPSON, D.F.C., WITH MRS. SIMPSON AND MISS RUTH SIMPSON, WING COMMANDER LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, A.F.C., AND THE HON. MRS. BASIL HANBURY

Gallant airmen who have been in constant and close contact with the enemy ever since the war started. Lord Willoughby de Broke is a former Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, and Mrs. Basil Hanbury is his aunt

Last week's Investitures were notable not only on account of the length of the lists but on another one—the large number of deeds of gallantry which they commemorated. In addition to the awards, some of which are recorded in these two pages, there was the bestowal of two V.C.'s: one to Captain Harold Irvine Andrews, East Lancashire Regiment, for conspicuous gallantry during the retreat to Dunkirk, and the other posthumously to the widow of Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls, Grenadier Guards, for a very gallant action during the same operations. There was also the bestowal of the medal of the O.B.E. upon Assistant Section Officer Daphne Pearson for rescuing under fire the pilot of a coastal aeroplane and saving his life at very considerable risk to her own. A very proud chapter of gallant deeds.



CAPTAIN GEORGE CREASY WITH HIS WIFE AND SON

Captain Creasy got the D.S.O. for what he did when the destroyer H.M.S. *Grenville* was sunk in the North Sea in January. While awaiting rescue in the water he shouted cheering messages to his men



BRIGADIER AND MRS. JOHN WESTON AND MISS WESTON

Brigadier Weston got the D.S.O. in the last war and to this and his other distinctions has now been added the C.B.E.



CAPTAIN HENRY HARRISON-WALLACE, R.N., WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR DAUGHTER

Captain Harrison-Wallace was decorated with the D.S.O., the actual award having been made in June of this year. Mrs. Harrison-Wallace was formerly Miss Eileen McCallum

(ON RIGHT)
WING COMMANDER CHRISTOPHER BILNEY WITH HIS DAUGHTERS

One of the many gallant airmen who received their well-earned rewards for gallantry. Wing Commander Bilney was given the O.B.E.



WHAT EVENTS ARE NOW UNFOLDING ?

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

THE power of Alexander and Cæsar, and the success of our own Empire sprang from the tolerance shown for differences.

We have not blamed the humble gourd for not bearing melons, nor the plutocratic grape vine for not bearing bastard blackberries. The Nazi doctrine on the other hand, seems determined to reduce different complexions and make-ups to one very common denominator;



FIELD MARSHAL INSPECTS THE A.M.P.C.

Commander of the British Forces at Salonika in the last war, and Chief of the Imperial General Staff from 1926-1933, Field Marshal Lord Milne was recently appointed Colonel Commandant of the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, which is open to volunteers between the ages of thirty-five and fifty, and numbers many veterans in its ranks. Lord Milne is seen talking to a Pioneer at one of the three camps he visited on his tour of inspection in Southern England

and on producing just what the Nazis need. Industrial areas are to become, with a kick of the boot, agricultural; whole populations are to migrate to destitution; Jews are to be pruned off the national family trees. In the endless variations of circumstances, history has carved too many differences to permit much drastic change, even by temporary force of arms.

This the Germans have the impudence to try to impose on us. We are to be permitted no shield, no navy, few, if any, colonies, and heaven knows what other unnatural mutilations. But here for the first time Hitler will meet real opposition with a united determination such as he has never yet encountered.

Last month every one in my club (five of us, if you must pin me down) were saying: "Invasion is sure, the Germans must liquidate our Navy and cripple our Air Force or their past gains will turn sour upon them. They must do it before the winter, or it will become their impossible problem to feed and clothe the starving millions they have devastated."

This week, however, we are actually saying (most of us, to be precise again): "If there isn't an invasion it will be too bad, it will be

a damned shame. We could not have a better set of conditions anywhere for inflicting defeat No. 1 upon our enemies." We are prepared to wager that every German dumped on our bathing beaches will be annihilated, as surely as will any foolish ones who may drop themselves inland. We positively ask for invasion, so bravely does our spirit burn, and so quickly have we re-equipped and enlarged our forces.

But all of us, including Hitler, are never more the slaves of circumstances than when we deem ourselves their masters. Past glittering successes might tempt Hitler, in over-confidence, to press on against us and against the dictates of reason. We can only hope so, while doubting it. Much of his success hangs upon the myth of his infallibility and invincibility. He will not lightly risk the loss of this moral weapon. He will not take the chance of tarnishing his golden laurels by any rash attacks.

This is a devil of a war for discovering the enemy's mind—his next likely move. The smoke screens of deception, and the red herrings which he throws out, are not at all dissipated by his recent broadcasts to the effect that the invasion is off, that a blockade of attrition is on in its place. This may be merely his "signature tune" again—and another blind. Even if we do guess correctly now we have no guarantee that he will not change his plan, as he probably will, if we go too far in dispersing our forces to reinforce our other theatres of war (however much they may be needed there). This much is clear. Both sides know that *we* cannot endure on this island if all Europe is Nazified, and that *they* cannot complete their plan until Britain and her Navy are defeated.

If, as they tell us, our only medicine is to be a continuation of this blockade of attrition, probably greatly intensified, we believe that by this means alone our enemies cannot win the decision they must win—so far it has failed.

Our original twenty-one million tons of shipping, in spite of all sinkings, has expanded in weight. The Norwegians have contributed nearly five million tons, while the Dutch have added half this amount again, not to mention increases from other sources. We have widely chartered and are feverishly building—Canada alone is building 100 ships. These impressive figures have been reduced by only two and a quarter million tons sunk, while our wide traffic still winds its way over the face of all the seas except the Mediterranean.

Well, we are ready for heavier bombings, more E-boats, U-boats, and XYZ-boats. We can subsist on this kind of medicine for years, knowing that only a large-scale land invasion can force a decision, especially an early one. Each month we ride the storm more easily as our air fleets expand; until not so far ahead we will achieve air supremacy.

The war depends on this. With 30,000 planes we could pass from the defensive to the offensive, which we all itch for.

There lies a skeleton in the German cupboard. The spectre of starvation and famine in Europe slowly approaches with relentless footsteps. Harvests are meagre, rotten or unripe, for lack of labour on the spot. Transport and trade are dislocated as the ugly sisters, Fear and Force, paralyse economic recovery. And

still our Navy somehow manages to continue its vast blockade in addition to its other multiple duties.

Closely behind famine often walks pestilence in company with revolution. With them all the time exists a natural resistance to any conqueror's heel, however strongly shod. Here also should we find and utilize potential millions of Fifth Columnists in conquered Europe, awaiting organization.

All this sad tragedy of famine should be kept lying at the door of the Nazi conqueror, where it so rightly belongs. Next winter even the German Army may find more than they can cope with.



HIS MAJESTY DECORATES LORD KNEBWORTH

Captain Lord Knebworth, Lord Lytton's only surviving son, was decorated with the O.B.E. at last week's Investiture at Buckingham Palace. Lord Knebworth is in a famous Dragoon Guard regiment, now, like most of the cavalry, mechanized

But, of course, we and our "starvation blockade" are being widely blamed in Europe—Goebbels is seeing to that—and now America is being also charged since she refuses food for Continental Europe. The Americans realize the simple truth that any form of relief will merely give aid and comfort to the enemy. This arises from the nature of Nazi warfare, and the low status of their own food resources.

In broad fact, famine and pestilence on the Continent will become powerful weapons for Democracy, weapons we must maintain, however reluctantly. American dollars and cereals would only blunt this weapon, and our blockade.

The Nazis, who manufactured this sad chaos by their aggressions, could undo it all tomorrow, if they would. Let their wills be broken before ours are weakened by humanitarian tears.



LIEUT.-GENERAL R. P. PAKENHAM-WALSH, R.E., THE NEW G.O.C.-IN-C., NORTHERN IRELAND

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CAPTAIN EDWARD SEAGO, REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE ARTIST

The new General Officer Commanding in Northern Ireland was appointed on July 10 in succession to Lieutenant-General H. J. Huddleston, who is now specially employed. Lieutenant-General Pakenham-Walsh was formerly C.R.E. in the B.E.F., and the above portrait was painted shortly after the conclusion of the Dunkirk operation. The artist is also a Sapper and was likewise engaged in the recent strenuous fighting on the other side of the Channel

THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

SPOTTING THE PRODUCER

LET us thrash out this question of directing pictures and how much it matters. Readers may remember a statement in these columns a fortnight ago to the effect that no musical critic would be able to identify the conductor of a symphony orchestra if he waggled his stick behind a screen, whereupon that eminent critical fish, Mr. Ernest Newman, snapped at the fly to the extent of a column, with promise of more to come. Mr. Newman's principal point was that to make the test valid "we should have to hear the same work under Beecham with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Toscanini with his magnificent new American orchestra, under Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Furtwängler with the Berlin Philharmonic, under Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Bruno Walter with his fine Vienna Orchestra of long ago, and so on." My come-back to this is that the critics would be in a bigger fog than before.

Further, I maintain that all the musical critics, putting their heads together, would not know whether, under screen conditions, the soloist in Beethoven's C minor concerto was Backhaus, Petri, Schnabel, Moiseiwitsch, or Clifford Curzon. And that's not all. I don't believe the musical critics would detect anything odd if a composite band, drawn haphazard from six first-rate orchestras, were to give an unrehearsed performance under, say, Dr. Malcolm Sargent. Or that they would "rumble" anything if my five pianists, joining to give a performance, slipped in turn on and off the piano-stool during the tuttis.

You see, I don't fear challenge on my own ground of theatre and film. I freely admit that until I looked at the programme I should have no notion whether a "King Lear" acted on tin step-ladders was Komisarjevsky's, Michel Saint-Dennis's, or our own Tyrone Guthrie's bright idea. Suppose the curtain goes up on a back parlour fitted with a Welsh dresser, an elaborate overmantel, sagging arm-chairs and prints of "Dignity and Impudence" and "Bolton Abbey." Can I say for certain whether the producer is Miss Irene Hentschel, Mr. Roger Furse, or Mr. John Gielgud? No, of course I can't, and I admit I can't, and I challenge anybody else to know. Nor should I be able to tell if the comedy's three acts were handled by each of the producers named in turn.

When it comes to films my defiance is uncompromising, unmistakable and categorical. I suggest that no film critics would know who had directed a picture unless they were told, and that few remember after they have been told. In the matter of the private film-goer I hold that the question of direction is an entirely closed book. Suppose we make an

experiment or two. I give below a list of six of the most famous pictures that have ever been made: 1. *Intolerance*; 2. *Kameradschaft*; 3. *Battleship Potemkin*; 4. *Storm Over Asia*; 5. *Congress Dances*; 6. *La Kermesse Héroïque*. Did you, reader, get the names of the directors right? You will find them at the end of this article. But that was easy, and meant to be. Now let us take a more difficult lot. Here are twelve well-known pictures: 1. *Pépé le Moko*; 2. *Waxworks*; 3. *Warning Shadows*; 4. *The Blue Angel*; 5. *I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*; 6. *The Petrified Forest*; 7. *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*; 8. *Jezebel*; 9. *Frou-Frou*; 10. *The Confessions of a Nazi Spy*; 11. *City Streets*; 12. *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*. And here, all jumbled up, are the names of the directors. Can you fit them? William Wyler, Pabst, Leni, Le Roy, Duvivier, Lubitsch, Reuben Mamoulian, Litvak, Robison, Richard Thorpe, Von Sternberg, Archie Mayo.

Again, reader, you will find the names at the end of this article, but this time in their correct order. And what am I going to do if some private film-goer or professional critic lays his or her hand on his or her heart and swears to have got the whole lot right without any mistake? Grovel, reader, grovel. Now, let me not be misunderstood. My original statement was not that the direction of films is unimportant, though even here I think the tendency is to magnify that importance. Does anybody really think that Pudovkin would have made a mess of *Battleship Potemkin* or that *Storm Over Asia* directed by Eisenstein would have been a flop? No, of course nobody thinks so. Give me a good enough story and enough money and I will undertake to produce *Battlecruiser Pudovkin* in a manner so unmistakably near-Eastern that our highbrow critics will start counting the portholes in Russian!

The truth of the matter, of course, is that it is easy enough to direct good material; the trouble only starts with the bad. My heart went out the other evening to whoever undertook the fearful responsibility of getting an entertaining evening out of *Irene*. I suppose the only thing to do was to tell the story clearly and get it over to the kind of film-goer that kind of story pleases. *Irene* is, I take it, a woman's picture. I suppose that being the belle of the ball is the feminine equivalent to what in a young man would be making a century in his first appearance for his county. What does a young man get out of a dance? Well, a lot of healthy exercise, a pretty girl or two to put his arm round, a good supper—a good lark, in a word. Does he retire to the cloak-room to re-comb his hair? He ought to be smacked if he does. One agrees that a young man who wanted to be the beau of the ball would deserve kicking into the next parish. How about being the beau of a cricket match? His companions would, I think, boot him out of the ground for six. The point is the essential difference between the sexes. No man cares how he looks, within reason; no woman cares for anything else, with or without reason. When a man goes to buy a hat he says to himself: Do I look a fool in this? If he does, he doesn't buy it. A woman has no such compunctions. The other evening at a well-known restaurant I saw a hat which screamed for attention. It was white, and looked like a wedding-cake surmounted by a model of the steeple of the church next to Queen's Hall. Presently, looking to see who could be wearing this monstrosity, I beheld a silly, inane, and meaningless little face whose silliness, inanity and meaninglessness would have passed unnoticed if its owner had never passed that hat-shop. But the young woman was satisfied; we had seen her hat.

There is a tragedy in *Irene*. This concerns a dress called Flaming Rosebud, or some such name. It is made out of what looks like mouse-coloured tulle, or do I mean chiffon? Waltzing around in it somebody brings it into conflict with a dish of stew, with the result that a good dinner is thrown away. However, the catastrophe leads to the Alice Blue Gown, and subsequently to the one tune which this musical comedy appears to possess. For whenever I listened the sound-track appeared to be reeling off Weber's old "Invitation to the Waltz." Miss Neagle flaunts and flounces in the manner prescribed for this kind of film, which is admirably directed by . . .

Readers can fill in the name.

Six films: directed by Griffith, Pabst, Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Pommer, Feyder.

Twelve films: 1. Duvivier; 2. Leni; 3. Robison; 4. Von Sternberg; 5. Le Roy; 6. Archie Mayo; 7. Lubitsch; 8. William Wyler; 9. Richard Thorpe; 10. Litvak; 11. Reuben Mamoulian; 12. Pabst.



TYRONE POWER AND DOROTHY LAMOUR IN "JOHNNY APOLLO"

An exciting film (Odeon, August 12) all about a high finance Tsar who gets jailed for embezzlement, and his son, "Johnny Apollo" (Tyrone Power), who gets mixed up with the underworld and its Queen (Dorothy Lamour), and also finds his way into what they call The Pen. There is an exciting climax and lots of movement all the way



VERA ZORINA:

Famous
Norwegian
Dancer
in
"Louisiana
Purchase,"
Broadway's
Most
Successful
Musical
Comedy



Louisiana Purchase is having a colossal success at the Imperial Theatre, New York, as is also B. G. de Sylva's other production, *Dubarry Was a Lady*. There is a strong cast which includes Zorina, who plays the part of the most dazzling temptress, using her wiles to divert a strait-laced swindle investigator from the job in hand. Her dance numbers are directed by her Russian husband, George Balanchine. The songs in this show are by Irving Berlin, who has returned to New York after a long absence in Hollywood, and Zorina not only sings and dances, but shows new gifts as a comedienne. She will also be remembered for her performances in stage and screen versions of *On Your Toes*, at the Palace Theatre and the Warner, Leicester Square

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By PETER TRAILL

Reading To-Day

IN these days, when many of us, unaccustomed to find ourselves confronted by fundamental issues, have suddenly become aware that there are a great number of people in this world who are trying to raze to the foundations the structure of civilisation which has been built at the price of such human sacrifice, we are drawn irresistibly back to first principles. We repeat them over to ourselves and re-tell them to others, who are probably as fully aware of them as

Mr. Peter Traill is deputising for Mr. Richard King, who hopes to resume "With Silent Friends" in the issue of August 28.

firework display. The brief news which comes tumbling out of the dark sky is watched with breathless excitement until the last small cable from Reuters fades into the sable ceiling. They pick up the rocket-sticks which have fallen in their gardens, and by the time they have examined those it is time for another show.

Background of the War

LIBRARIANS have reported that there has been a sustained interest in books which deal with the background of the struggle, and for those who keep their eyes steadfastly upon the present scene, two new recent publications should hold their interest. The first of these is "King Carol of Rumania" (Hutchinson; 16s. net). Rumania, notice, and not Rumania. The spelling is used at the express wish of King Carol, and this desire exposes in the simplest fashion the kernel of the nut which Baroness von der

Hoven tries to crack. The authoress is a friend (of long standing) of the King and his family, and this biography carries the special blessing of its subject.

Much that this book contains will surprise those whose views about the present ruler of Rumania are moulded by the gossip and criticisms which appeared in the Press a decade ago. In these pages, however, they will find little about Madame Lupescu, the royal divorce and other such matters which have received such a thorough and, in some cases, such an ill-natured airing. Baroness von der Hoven obviously has no inclination to dwell upon that side of the King's life, but, when for a brief space she does take up the cudgels on his behalf, she is not very convincing. "Many a man meets a lady friend in Paris and is still called a gentleman," she writes, "and a wise wife will either overlook it or deal with the situation in her own way. Often, very often, such a situation would not have arisen but for the wife's own fault." Perhaps so, but one can as easily argue the other way, and it seems to me it would have been wiser to leave the ethics of the matter unraised. Neither will people readily believe that, in the words of the King—"She has nothing whatever to do with any State affairs or any official function."

However, as I said before, the Baroness is nearly wholly concerned in showing what the King has done for Rumania, since he made his hazardous flight over the Carpathians on June 6, 1930, and assumed the crown in place of the Regency whose protecting cloak was gathered about his son, Prince Michael. That this cloak was showing grave signs of wear and tear was perfectly obvious, and his return was generally welcomed. Once again the attention of a great many people was diverted from the real significance of his move by the extraordinary situation which arose owing to the Princess Helen being, naturally, in residence in Rumania.

"The Guardian of Rumania"

THE position of Rumania at this moment lends to this book an interest out of the ordinary, and the personality of King Carol, his aims and ambitions are matters of very real importance. His origins are German on one side and English and Russian on the other, but these, the Baroness asserts, "play no part whatsoever in his outlook on the world. He is a Romanian and he faces life as one. He appreciates the good points of every nation, and he also remembers their sins against his country. He hopes to live at peace with them all, but does not intend any of them to infringe on Rumania's independence, for which there has been a hard struggle and which has taken such a long time to materialise."

Well, there it is! Rumania's position at the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 was summed up as follows: "We are sitting on the ground between all the stools. We shall have peace all right if we abdicate in all directions." King Carol is in much the same position, but one feels on reading this book that if only other nations would let his country alone, the King might achieve a tithe of his ambitions for it. His reforms are progressive and national in character. He has given them a new constitution. His Fundatia Regale Principale

(Continued on page 224)



BUSIER THAN HE WAS AT THE M.O.I.

Lord Raglan resigned a post at the Ministry of Information because, as he said, he had not enough to do for the pay! He is now, however, very busy training a unit of the Home Guard at Cefntilla, in Monmouthshire, and as he was a Scots Guard he knows all about it. With Lord Raglan in the above picture is Mr. W. A. Tallis, who is very well known with the Llangibby Hounds

we are, to reassure ourselves that our memories—for it is a long time since we put our minds steadfastly upon such things—have played us no tricks.

This is as true of literature as it is of anything else, and it is in that mood that some of us have left modern writers alone lately, and taken down from the bookshelves volumes that have long been more ornamental than useful. Yet, the fact that they were there at all shows that, in their hearts, the owners of the libraries knew instinctively that they must have them near to hand, in the unlikely case of the acknowledged masters being seriously challenged.

Now that we have had time to reinforce our confidence and are prepared to face the future, we are beginning to settle down again, fortified by the knowledge that we have not been mistaken, and the first thing which strikes the enquiring mind about those who have composed themselves is that there are two schools of thought, one of which reads and talks of nothing else but the war, its origin and its future. Eagerly they scrutinise its present, and bulletins burst upon their horizons with the regularity of rockets at a well-managed



Photos.: Truman Howell

LADY RAGLAN OFF TO WORK

Like her husband (see other picture), Lady Raglan is hard at work. With her in the kitchen garden fatigue-party are the Hon. Fitzroy Somerset, the heir, the Hon. Cecily Somerset, the carriage passenger, and Master B. Hamilton



MR. AND MRS. R. S. WILSON-SMITH

Miss Jane Brodrick, daughter of the late Mr. G. L. Gould, and of Viscountess Dunsford, was married on August 2 at St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens, W.2, to 2nd Lieut. R. S. Wilson-Smith, Royal Engineers, son of the late Major P. P. O. Smith, and of Mrs. Percy Smith, of Buck Croft, Felsted, Essex



SUB-LIEUT. AND MRS. R. T. COULTON

Miss Diana Meller, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Meller, of Mill Lane House, Felixstowe, was married at Chelsea Old Church on August 3 to Sub-Lieut. Richard Trevena Coulton, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coulton, of Sydenham, Kent. Sub-Lieut. Coulton was very unlucky not to get his rowing Blue for Cambridge, a distinction which was subsequently earned by his younger brother Brian



MR. AND MRS. DAVID COLE

Mr. David Lowry Cole, Irish Guards, elder son of the late Hon. Galbraith Cole, and of Lady Eleanor Cole, of Fisher's Hill, Woking, was married at Killesher Parish Church, Florencecourt, Co. Fermanagh, to Miss Sonia Mary Syers, only daughter of the late Major T. S. Syers, and of the Countess of Enniskillen, and stepdaughter of the Earl of Enniskillen

WEDDINGS IN WARTIME



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT LLOYD

Miss Ann Vaughan-Phillips, A.T.S., younger daughter of Lieut. C. E. Vaughan-Phillips, R.A.O.C. (late Egyptian Civil Service), and Mrs. Vaughan-Phillips, of Fair Oak, and 39, Hill Street, W.1, is seen after her wedding to Lieut. Robert Lloyd, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Lloyd, of Zetland House, Warsash



CONSERVATIVE M.P. MARRIED

Sir Robert Rankin, Bt., Conservative M.P. for the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool, of 14, Hill Street, W.1, former director and chairman of Rankin, Gilmour Co., Ltd., shipowners, was married after a three days' engagement to Miss Rachel Drayson, daughter of Mr. Charles Dupin Drayson and the late Mrs. Drayson, of 54, Melton Court, S.W.5. The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square



CAPTAIN AND MRS. C. G. SHERRIFF

Miss Josephine Mary Gilbert, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gilbert, of Gorseyway, Hayling Island, wore a veil appliquéd with lily petals at her wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, on July 31 to Captain Charles Gordon Sherriff, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, only son of Mrs. Sherriff, of 15, Minto Street, Edinburgh

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Carol and his Straja Tarii, with its six principles, are obviously excellent conceptions, both of which are gaining increasing support among his people; but the difficulties are so great that many years of peace and quiet are necessary for him to have a real chance to surmount them. There can be few who envy to-day the position of "The Guardian of Romania."

Popular Radio Drama

"THE SHADOW OF THE SWASTIKA"
(John Lane, the Bodley Head; 5s.) is a radio drama which tells in six parts the story of the German National Socialist party. It was broadcast by the B.B.C. on various dates towards the end of last year and the beginning of this, and the

has been drilled in anti-Semitism; they draw attention to the importance of sound and they maintain that specifically literary graces have minor values for what is an ephemeral medium.

I am not sure that I understand what they mean by literary graces, but I should have thought that since the appeal is being made to a listener, the dialogue should be of the finest quality. That does not mean that speeches should be lengthy. The fact that Hitler never seems to have stopped talking since he began his rise to power is no justification for giving him long speeches in a play about him written for broadcasting. Plainly the medium does not lend itself to diatribes, but when people open their mouths they should have words put

into them that carry conviction in themselves. I'm afraid I found the dialogue in this drama rather wooden, and the Narrator a bore. But it is only fair to say that I find, for one reason or another, nearly all plays written for the B.B.C., or produced by them, equally unsatisfactory.

The other school of thought has laid down one fast and hard rule for its pupils. They are to win the war in the shortest time possible, but when they are not directing their whole energy to that end and are having a little relaxation, they shall not employ their leisure in talking or thinking about it. This second school is further sub-divided, for there are those who refuse to read anything except trivial books, on the ground that life at present

gives them enough serious things over which to ponder; and there are others who try to maintain their grasp at all costs on the new books that matter in the little spare time they have.

Tributes to W. B. Yeats

FOR the latter there is a thin volume, thin in bulk but not in content, which houses the tributes of various people who knew well W. B. Yeats and his work. "Scattering Branches" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d. net) keeps alive not only the memory of W. B. Yeats, but in these days when the soul of mankind is in danger of being lost it serves to bring to light, lest there is any facile forgetfulness, the seams in our earthly cloaks. Stimulated by this book, take up Yeats again and hold him to your lips as you would a mirror to those of a dying man and see if, in all the ugliness about you, the mirror does not cloud to prove to you your heart still throbs in beauty.

Here is Maud Gonne of an early Yeats. "A tall, lanky boy with deep-set, dark eyes behind glasses, over which a lock of dark hair was constantly falling, to be brushed back impatiently by long sensitive fingers, often stained with paint—dressed in shabby clothes that none noticed (except himself, as he confessed long after)." And here, Edmund Dulac of a later Yeats: "He came into a room with slow, deliberate steps, his hands raised in a gesture between a salute and a blessing. He did not say, 'Hullo! How are you?' Some resented it. The gesture of the hand, like the beautifully untidy hair, the large enamel ring, the subtle colour of shirt, tie and dress, were part of the picture. Only he lived in that picture with more consistency, more sincerity than many." Stephen Gwynne, who edits the book, Sir William Rothenstein, W. G. Fay, F. R. Higgins, C. Day Lewis and L. A. G. Strong present the poet as they knew him, while Lennox Robinson goes on to examine at some length the loveliest of his work, "The Countess Cathleen"; shortly after the beginning of which the Demons enter to barter for the peasants' souls.

They have not sold all yet
For there's a vaporous thing—that may be nothing,
But that's the buyer's risk—a second self
They call immortal for a story's sake.
Demons are abroad now.

A Real Thriller

FOR those who want to read only light literature there is a new novel of Eric Ambler's, "Journey Into Fear" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 3d. net). This author writes "thrillers" in, to my mind, the proper sense of the word. That is to say, his books are not exercises in deduction. They race along, gathering and distributing suspense and suspicion in each chapter, and, since he writes good dialogue, can characterise and provide excellent backgrounds, his novels are some way above the standard of writing which generally accompanies this form of fiction. In his new book his suspense is admirably contrived and the whole story goes with a swing from the first page to the last.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL INSPECTING SUPPLIES

Since the outbreak of war the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage has been running a Hospital Supplies Dépôt at Vincent Square, Westminster. The Princess Royal is seen inspecting some of the articles during her recent visit to this dépôt. Mrs. Gamage is a daughter of Lord Hirst, and married in 1919 Mr. Leslie Carr Gamage, M.C., who has sent £5000 to the Minister of Aircraft Production for the purchase of a "Spitfire"

authors, Messrs. A. L. Lloyd and Igor Vinogradoff assert that over twelve million people listened to each performance and that no other broadcast feature programme has been listened to by such a number.

There have been, I believe, and probably still are, even in the present vicissitudes, many people who wish to write plays for the radio. The technique of such an undertaking is clearly shown in this book, and the authors, in their introduction, are at pains to refute criticism upon the flatness of the narrative. They urge the reader to remember that it is impossible for the printed page to give the same impression of the tension of such a scene as that, for instance, in which a Jewish doctor is operating on a child who



SOME ROYAL REFUGEES IN AMERICA

A charming photograph of Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma, husband of the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg (who is still reported to be in Lisbon), with his six children. From left to right: Princess Alix, aged ten; Prince Charles; Princess Marie Gabrielle, aged fourteen; Princess Marie Adelaide, aged sixteen; Prince Jean, aged nineteen, heir to the throne of Luxemburg, and Princess Elizabeth, aged seventeen. They are staying at the Long Island home of Mr. Joseph P. Davies, Assistant Secretary of State, and former Ambassador to Belgium and Minister to Luxemburg



"FRIGHTFUL—It is the face of an idiot in an asylum," said G. B. S., but eventually agreed to its publication



"GORGEOUS—O.K. This is a gorgeous one, but I think a reduction to post-card size would spoil it"

"MAN AND SUPERMAN"

Three Portraits
of
Bernard Shaw
with
Pungent Comments
by
Himself



G. B. S. SAID OF THIS ONE—"I pass this, though the hands look oddly large; however, they look powerful, which is flattering"

The criticisms under each of these portraits bear the mark of a hand which has never yet lost its cunning and are as amusing as they are terse. They are published with the great author's permission, and to add one word might savour of trying to gild refined gold. Mr. Bernard Shaw was eighty-four on July 26, and though indisposition prevented him from attending the Malvern Festival last year to see the first night of his fiftieth play, that is all happily behind him now, and he saw *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*, both at the Golder's Green Hippodrome and later at the New Theatre. The film of his famous play, *Major Barbara*, is on the road to completion at the Denham Studios, and some pictures of the proceedings were recently published in this paper

Photos.: Yevonde

"MARGIN FOR ERROR" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

By

ANTHONY COOKMAN

WHILE Miss Clare Boothe was content to torture her characters, she was terrifying. Strong men staggered away from *The Women* shaken to the heart by the spectacle of jungle-red finger-nails clawing relentlessly at eyes ashine with belladonna. They were troubled lest this picture of the feminine mind, so cracklingly witty and cruel, should also be true. Indeed, there was no resisting the metallic competence of *The Women*, and the public, ignoring the example of one or two critics, did not even try. Now, advancing from torture to murder, Miss Boothe ceases to be terrifying and becomes strangely innocuous.

Her victim is a German Consul in an American city, and for more than one reason this character seems to explain the general floppiness of the mixture of comedy, burlesque and mystery melodrama which has been brought from New York to the Apollo Theatre. He and the play belong to pre-war days, and if they had reached this country earlier, it is possible that we should have enjoyed seeing the Nazi take a hail of barbed insults with typical Nazi humourlessness. But the target has by this time been hit so often that the swiftest shaft seems wasted on it—even the Jewish policeman wished upon the Consul as a personal bodyguard by a sportive American mayor or Finklestein's boast that his Christian name is Moses—"Yes, sir, Moses, a swell guy and the original Führer." As a figure of fun, then, the odious Baumer is undoubtedly stale, and it is likely enough that he will raise in some minds a question of taste. There is, after all, a difference between flicking smart wisecracks at a potential enemy and burlesquing the same enemy in the midst of war.

This is a question for the audience, of course. Miss Boothe is guiltless in the matter, and it may be that when her play was first put on in New York, it seemed to have a saving impudence. But I cannot believe that it was at any time or in any hemisphere a good play. If there were a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Characters, it would surely have intervened on behalf of the atrocious Herr Baumer. He is shockingly overworked. The first half of the play is largely burlesque, and of this burlesque Baumer is expected to be the life and soul, but at the same time he is forced to lay all the trails for the spot-the-murderer melodrama which occupies the second half of the evening. He has to be cruel to his wife and to her lover. He has to discover Jewish blood in the ancestry of his assistant, hoping that the contaminated



OFFICER FINKLESTEIN (HARTLEY POWER) FINDS KARL BAUMER (EDMUND WILLARD) KILLED BY DR. JENNINGS (BREFNI O'RORKE). IN FRONT: MARGARETTA SCOTT AS SOPHIE BAUMER, HUGH McDERMOTT AS THOMAS DENNY, BRUNO BARNABE AS BARON VON ALVESTON, AND DENNIS ARUNDELL AS OTTO B. HURST

Baron will take his own life and the blame for embezzling party funds. He has to neglect his compatriots' interests and allow the daughter of one of them to be foully done to death. He has to betray the Führer-designate of America. And while seeing that everyone in the Consulate shall be provided with a motive for murdering

It was he who wisecracked the mystery melodrama into some semblance of life. For in itself the melodrama was not very mysterious. When the Hitler broadcast ceased to fill the theatre with sound and fury, the Consul, seated at his desk, was seen to be dead. A bullet was found in his body, and after a great many confused and confusing questions had been asked, someone confessed to having put the bullet there. This confession started an orgy of confessions. Someone else claimed to have stabbed Baumer, and, true enough, there was a dagger beside the bullet. Yet another member of the Consulate staff confessed to having poisoned the Consul's whisky. The trouble with this kind of mystery is that the author seems slower than anyone else to see through it. At the second confession, all the old hands present, and at the third practically the whole audience, had guessed that a man who has been not only shot but stabbed, and not only shot and stabbed but poisoned, has in all reasonable probability not been murdered at all. But the investigation continued to take its course with as much leisureliness as only an immense surprise up the sleeve could possibly warrant. When at last the surprise was sprung, we were all mildly surprised at its naivety. In these trying circumstances, Mr. Powell showed infinite resource. He gave every wisecrack that came his way a fine cutting edge, and generally put up a grand pretence that all was well with the play. So much was he in the spirit of the thing that, when the curtain fell on the first performance, he made a long speech full of wisecracks of his own minting that were no whit less amusing than those which had been written for him.



ALEX FRASER AS CAPTAIN MULROONEY, AND MARCELLE EBBING AS FRIEDA



ROGER LIVESEY AND ROSAMUND JOHN

Roger Livesey acts Anthony Anderson, the clergyman who turns soldier to save "The Devil's Disciple," Dick Dudgeon (Robert Donat), who, on a sudden heroic impulse, is going to the gallows in his place, with Rosamund John as Judith Anderson, his young puritanical wife, who hated Dick for his evil ways, but, rather unconvincingly, loved him for his courage and self-sacrifice



MILTON ROSMER AND ROBERT DONAT

The play is produced by Milton Rosmer, who also gives a delightful performance as General Burgoyne. He addresses his prisoner, Richard Dudgeon (Robert Donat), whom he is about to hang, with incomparable courtesy, and then invites him to lunch

SHAVIAN SATIRE

ROBERT DONAT IN
"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE"

(ON RIGHT)

THE READING OF THE WILL

(L. to r.) Roger Livesey as Anthony Anderson, Janet Barrow as Mrs. Dudgeon, Joyce Redman as Essie, Robert Donat as Richard Dudgeon, Jonathan Field as Christopher Dudgeon, and William Murray as Lawyer Hawkins. Dick Dudgeon, the "Devil's Disciple," and black sheep of the family, comes home for the reading of his father's will to find himself the sole heir, much to the rage of his hard, hypocritical mother, who hates her eldest son and his godless ways. This part was brilliantly acted by Janet Barrow, from whom hatred and malice exuded at every pore. Dick is seen offering to keep Essie (Joyce Redman), the unwanted and cruelly treated illegitimate Dudgeon child, in his home. Joyce Redman will be remembered for her performance as Emanuelle in François Mauriac's fine play, "Asmodée," at the Gate Theatre. Jonathan Field makes much of his part as the simpleton brother, Christopher Dudgeon, particularly in the so-called trial scene

Photos. by Angus McBean





A GENERAL VIEW OF KINTON HOUSE,
A FAMOUS EX-MASTER OF



SAVING PAPER FOR VIC-
TORY: MISS PEEBLES
(LEFT) AND THE HON.
MRS. BASIL HANBURY

COUNTRY HOMES IN WARTIME

No. 12:
KINTON HOUSE,
KINTON,
WARWICKSHIRE

MRS. "JOSH" FIELDEN AND HER GRANDCHILDREN
IN THE KINTON GARDEN



MRS. FIELDEN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF



(ON LEFT)
A WOLF-CUB PARADE: MISS
AGNES MILLS IN COMMAND



SEAT OF MR. "JOSH" FIELDEN,
THE WARWICKSHIRE



HARD AT IT HAYMAKING:
EVACUEES DOING THEIR
LITTLE BIT WITH A WILL



OF THE RED CROSS, IN HER OFFICE

Mr. Joshua Fielden, at whose beautiful house, hard by the kennels of the Warwickshire Hounds, at which these pictures were taken, is one of the best-known and best-liked personalities in William Shakespeare's very own county, and this is a description which applies equally to his wife. He was Joint-Master of the Warwickshire (1911-1924) with another hunting celebrity, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke. Mr. and Mrs. Fielden's daughter Joan married Major Douglas Forster, who was Joint-Master with the Hon. Dick Samuel when war fell upon us. During the last war, Kineton House was a Military Hospital. Mrs. Fielden took a very active interest in the work, and was given the O.B.E. To-day, although she has again offered it, the house has so far not been needed, though it is possible that it may be taken later on. Mrs. Fielden is, however, active in the county in every possible way, being a Vice-President of the Red Cross, Chairman of the Women's Land Army, and organiser of the Warwickshire War Supplies Service for the southern area of the county. Her local activities include the institution of a salvage collection scheme in the village, carried out with great success by the Hon. Mrs. Basil Hanbury, the present Lord Willoughby de Broke's aunt, and a working-party for making plaster-of-paris bandages, of which Mr. and Mrs. Fielden's daughter, Mrs. Forster, is a member. There are also twelve evacuees happily installed in some of the rooms over the stables who are having the time of their young lives



MRS. DOUGLAS FORSTER AND MRS. "JOE" STARKEY
MAKING PLASTER BANDAGES

(ON RIGHT)
THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS
AND SOME YOUNG FRIENDS





THE HON. MRS. JOHN GRIMSTON WITH HER BABY

Marcus Adams

A photograph taken at Gorhambury, St. Albans, the family seat of the Earl of Verulam, of the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston, formerly Miss Marjorie Ray Duncan, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Duncan, and of Mrs. Walter Duncan, of 53, Cadogan Square, with her baby daughter, Elizabeth Harriet. In 1938 she married the Earl of Verulam's second son, the Hon. John Grimston, who is a Pilot Officer in the Auxiliary Air Force, Reserve Squadron



THE DUKE OF RUTLAND AND MISS GHISLAINE DRESSELHUYS

Were in the audience on the opening night of that most interesting play *Thunder Rock*, by Robert Ardrey, at the Globe Theatre, in which Michael Redgrave gives a splendid performance. The Duke of Rutland succeeded his father in April of this year, and Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys is the daughter of Lady Kemsley and step-daughter of Lord Kemsley



LADY DIANA COOPER AND MR. A. E. W. MASON

Seen at all important first nights is Lady Diana Cooper, the wife of Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, Minister of Information. She was accompanied by the well-known author Mr. A. E. W. Mason at the first night of the West End production of *Thunder Rock*, formerly produced at the enterprising Neighbourhood Theatre, in South Kensington



LADY ROTHSCHILD AND BARON DE KÖNIGSWARTER

Were also seen in the stalls at *Thunder Rock*, a play which gives furiously to think. Michael Redgrave, as the lighthouse keeper who tries to escape from the complex problems of the world, for which he can find no adequate solution, finally realises, through the dead people he re-creates, that progress and enlightenment must prevail in the end. Lady Rothschild is the daughter of Mr. St. John Hutchinson, K.C.

FIRST NIGHTS AGAIN

AUDIENCES AT TWO AMERICAN PLAYS



MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MRS. VIC OLIVER

Clare Boothe's new play, *Margin for Error*, at the Apollo Theatre, is about the New York Mayor who ordered Jewish policemen to protect German officials. The audience was delighted with this stinging satire at the expense of the Nazis. Hartley Power, as the Jewish cop, had all the best lines. Mrs. Winston Churchill, the wife of the Prime Minister, was with her second daughter, Sarah (Mrs. Vic Oliver), who recently acted in Ivor Novello's thriller *Murder in Mayfair*, and now in *Outward Bound*, at the "Q" Theatre



COLONEL MACINDOE AND MRS. LEON WITH THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Mr. Kennedy, the ubiquitous American Ambassador, took a party of friends to the first night of *Margin for Error*, written by his compatriot, Clare Boothe, in private life Mrs. Henry Luce, whose witty play, *The Women*, was such a success on the stage and screen. Mr. Kennedy is seen with Mrs. Leon and Colonel "Toby" Macindoe

(ON RIGHT)

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND MR. I. WILSON-YOUNG

Who were also in the audience at the Apollo Theatre. The Duchess of Westminster, who has been working for the W.V.S., is a sister of Lord Sysonby, a Major in the Queen's Royals, who was recently awarded the D.S.O. for splendid leadership and for preventing penetration by the enemy through our forward posts at Petagem



PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

THAT we are at last beginning to get busy about this war is made amply manifest by a notice which has been put up in a somewhat well-known Service club calling upon its over age members to form a unit of musketeers for home service. It says that it is desirable that anyone intending to join *should have a knowledge of firearms.*

THIS was shown to a civilian member of our gallant Home Guard, and he saw nothing unusual about it. He wanted to know why officers should understand anything about firearms, that, in his idea, being the exclusive privilege of sergeants and other N.C.O.s. His opinion was that all officers did was to wear showy uniforms and look as pretty as they could.

THE wishful thinkers who seem to have brought themselves to believe that the Mad Dog of the World has abandoned all idea of attempting an invasion of this country, would be wiser if they thought again. He cannot afford to abandon this

was attributable to the fact that the communications of the attacker by sea, were, in spite of all difficulties, superior to those of the defender in his own country."

Von der Goltz then cited the Japanese and Chinese war, and he might also have included the Russo-Japanese War. He did, however, cite the American Civil War.

TO continue from Von der Goltz—"Before a corps, landed on the enemy's coast, has scored any material success, and can spread itself freely—and before the fleet has taken a number of places on the coast, the freedom of movement of the landing corps will be very limited."

"It will always be prudent in order to gain some freedom of movement upon the enemy's soil, first of all to seize a considerable stretch of coast line. . . ."

"Landings and operations on coasts have accordingly not only to contend with great difficulties, but have generally but little prospect of success."

As to descents (*i.e.*, raids) the Field-Marshal wrote—

"Such descents bear rather the character of alarms intended to derange the mobilisation and to excite the people than that of a serious attack. . . . Descents on the coasts are, accordingly, in the case of a populous state with a good military organisation, bugbears rather than real dangers."

Von der Goltz sums the whole question up by indicating that complete command of

the sea is necessary. A partial command, even for forty-eight hours, would be of no service. He cites the Punic wars. The strategic principle is eternal, however greatly the tactical weapon may change.

I wonder if Hitler has ever seen a rat choking with bubonic plague and crawling with germ-infected fleas, the greatest of all carriers? The bony claws of famine are already closing round the throat of the Europe he has devastated. Plague and pestilence tread hard upon its heels as a rule, and for some reason plague prefers the cold. The picture is ugly enough as it is, but only half as ugly as it will most certainly become. Ask any plague doctor's opinion.

VIS-À-VIS Molotov, this is what General Friedrich von Bernhardt wrote in 1911 in that famous book, "Germany and the Next War," an ebullition which was very freely discussed at that time and still more so from 1914 onwards—

"It is hard to foresee how soon Russia will come out from her retirement and again tread the natural paths of her international policy. Her present political attitude depends considerably on the person of the present Emperor [for "Emperor" read "Stalin"], who believes in the need of leaning upon a strong monarchical state [now read "totalitarian"] such as Germany is and also upon the character of the internal development of the mighty Empire. The whole body of the nation is so tainted with revolutionary and moral infection, and the peasantry is plunged in such economic disorder that it is difficult to see from what elements a vivifying force may spring up capable of restoring a healthy condition. . . . The possibility has always existed that, under the stress of internal affairs, the foreign policy may be reversed and an attempt made to surmount the difficulties at home by successes abroad. Time and events will decide whether these successes will be sought in the Far East or in the West.

On the one side, Japan and possibly China must be encountered; on the other, Germany, Austria and possibly Turkey."

ANYONE who has ever travelled through King Pharaoh's Lake at this time of the year will be full of sympathy for those who have to take on any battle-fighting in Somaliland, whether friend or foe. The heat at the barren rocks of Aden is bad enough, but on the African mainland it is hell with the lid off. It has happened ere now that ships have had to be turned round when the wind has been dead astern, to save the passengers from being fried to death.



GEORGE ALLISON—BUSY DOING HIS BIT
The famous manager of the Arsenal Football Club is a Home Guard river patrol—a most useful unit, and G. A. as a "rear-admiral" ought to prove the right man in the right spot

idea. His self-conceit will not permit him to do so. He has got to do it to save his face. He has had a walk-over in six countries, and he still believes that seven is a lucky number.

WHAT may have happened is that his very long-headed General Staff may have compelled him to read a few observations upon warlike operations overseas made by real soldiers above the rank of a corporal. For instance, the German General Staff may have invited Hitler to read Field-Marshal Baron Von der Goltz—that "most eminent pupil of Von Moltke" (the 1870 one). I quote a few observations at random—"When in the Crimea the armies landing on a foreign coast prevailed over the forces opposed to them, this



AND LORD CARNARVON—ALSO BUSY

The famous owner, steward and G.R., who was originally a 7th Hussar, is now adjutant of what they call a cavalry training regiment, and it is full of people who are more accustomed to racehorses than hairies—C. Mitchell, G. Kelly, R. Smyth give a line to the form

DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES — No. 10



SHOVING OFF! — BY WING-COMMANDER E. C. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

Tragedies like this will happen when they try to push the stern of one of our smaller destroyers off the dock wall with a long pole rather like the one of which barges are so fond. It is usually a bit of a trial when the wind starts slewing the ship round and the mooring ropes, or hawsers, take occasion to get foul of the propellers. In the above case things are still more complicated because they have shoved off before hauling the gangway inboard. There is also a spot of bother with one of the hollards and the whole entertainment seems to have put the wind up even the seagulls



FOILING THE ENEMY ONSLAUGHT

Mr. J. B. Traill, son of the famous Mr. Jack Traill, on the ball, with (left) Captain D. M. Patchett, who is in a very famous polo-playing cavalry regiment



MR. J. B. TRAILL, WITH MISS ANN POE

The two principal performers are in the centre of the picture, and Jack Traill's very well-taught son is naturally one too many for his fair enemy. Both Mr. Traill's sons have



A PART OF THE AUDIENCE

The gallery at these polo games was not quite as large as at an Inter-Regimental final at Hurlingham, but an enthusiastic one, all the same. In the above picture (l. to r.) Mr. James Ramsden, Miss Tyrwhitt-Drake, Lieut. and Mrs. Innes Winstanley and Miss Jo Davies



AND SOME MORE OF IT

L. to r.: Miss Anne De Beer, P./O. Rochford, R.A.F., Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, Mr. A. L. F. Errington, Miss Jo Davies and F./O. R. H. D. Riggall, R.A.F.



PERFORMERS AND SUPPORTERS IN AN INTERVAL

L. to r.: Mr. Cyril Strauss, Miss Diana Bell, F.A.N.Y., Captain Patrick Ness (Cavalry), Captain D. M. Patchett (ditto), Miss Ann Poë, F.A.N.Y., Miss Lally Ness, Mrs. Isaac Bell, Mrs. D. M. Patchett, Captain H. H. Sykes (Cavalry), Mrs. H. H. Sykes and Mr. Ikey Bell

POLO IN THE LIGHTER VEIN

Somewhere in England
The Army of Both Sexes
in a Combined Attack



TRYING TO RIDE HIM OFF

had the great advantage of having been caught by a father who has always been pretty close up to the top of the handicap



A CAVALRY ATTACK IN FULL BLAST

Captain Patrick Ness (Cavalry) leading the charge, followed by F./O. R. H. D. Riggall, Mr. A. L. F. Errington and Captain H. H. Sykes (Cavalry)



THE UNDEFEATED TIGER LILIES

A judicious admixture of lilies and tigers who defied all comers. L. to r.: Miss Diana Bell (Ikey's hard-riding little daughter), Captain Patrick Ness, Miss Ann Poë and Captain H. H. Sykes



JUST BEFORE A BATTLE

Captain H. H. Sykes, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, a daughter of the Duchess of Hamilton, Miss Diana Bell and Miss Ursula Lewis



Beating

ONE OF THE TEAMS, AND THE UMPIRE

L. to r.: Mr. Ikey Bell, that famous ex-M.F.H., Captain D. M. Patchett, F./O. R. H. D. Riggall, Sq.-Leader D. C. Curme, and Mr. A. L. F. Errington

How they keep the polo ball rolling at a spot which it is not permissible to mention, because some part of the Forces is concerned, Cavalry, R.A.F. and F.A.N.Y.s all co-operating in any such spare moments as duty permits. All very informal and very jolly—steeds, anything that could be caught, kit varying from slacks and Jodhpurs to those funny cowboy things called chaps, rather like some old trout's petticoat with frills on it, but enthusiasm at high pressure all the time. With the renowned Ikey to keep order, what more could anyone want? Mr. Isaac Bell, to give him his full name, made fox-hunting history during his masterhips of the Blazers, the Kilkenny and the South and West Wilts

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

JONES was watching a League match, when a friend came and sat beside him. "Hullo, old man," said the latter. "I thought you were so disgusted with Chelsea's play that you were never coming here again?"

"Well," said Jones, "I'll tell you what happened. My mother-in-law is staying with us just now, and I tossed up whether to stay at home or come here—and I lost."

IT was the young man's first visit to the home of his adored one, and he seemed to be making a very good impression.

"Have you any objection to a whisky-and-soda?" asked his prospective father-in-law.

"Well," replied the young man, "I've never had one before."

The father stared. "What, never had a whisky-and-soda?"

"No, sir; never had an objection."

THREE piano-movers knocked on the door of a house. A meek-looking man with an inferiority complex opened the door.

"Did you order a piano from the Flatnote Music Store?" asked the first piano-mover. The tenant shook his head.

"Not a piano," he corrected. "I ordered a flute."

The piano-mover studied a slip of paper. "Accordin' to this bill of ladin'," he grumbled, "you ordered a piano."

The gentleman with the inferiority complex studied the three husky piano-movers.

"Very well," he said nervously, "move it in. But if your firm makes any more errors like that, I'll have to deal somewhere else!"

HE was a very small man, and working very hard in his suburban garden. He dug and dug the ground till he could hardly stand on his feet with weariness. Just as he was on the point of giving up, a friend dropped in.

"Hullo, old man!" he exclaimed. "Digging for victory, I suppose?"

The gardener took a cautious glance towards the house. "No," he whispered, "digging for peace."

THE theatrical agent's new clerk entered the private room and said: "There's a lady to see you, sir."

"Is she good-looking?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show her in."

Ten minutes later, the clerk was summoned. "Well," said the agent gruffly, "you're a nice judge of beauty in a business like ours, I must say."

"Ah, but I had to be careful, sir. For all I knew she might have been your wife."

"Yes," said the agent acidly, "she *was*!"

THE honeymooners went for a walk down a shady lane. The bridegroom, an absent-minded fellow, had started reading "Gone With the Wind," and took the book with him.

"Whose little wife is this?" asked the bride, playfully; but he went on reading.

They sat down on a seat. "Whose little wife is this?" the girl said again. But the bridegroom still went on reading.

So she snatched the book away and said: "Darling, look who's here."

The bridegroom looked up with a start. "Good heavens!" he said. "Aren't you the woman who doesn't know whose wife she is?"

A musical critic wrote: "Here is Tchaikovsky at his best. Music so beautiful it has to be heard to be appreciated."

A lot of music is like that.



"I beg your pardon, am I far from Llanbadarm-Fawr?"

"About a couple of syllables"

IT was the end of the summer, and the season had been a bad one. The nigger minstrel had found it hard to make a living, and perhaps his approach to certain passers-by might have been called begging.

In any case, the policeman passing by thought it might. Pushing his way through the small crowd in the theatre queue, the arm of the law tapped the nigger minstrel on the shoulder.

"Now, then, my man," he said sternly, "you just accompany me."

The minstrel picked up his banjo and retorted: "Certainly, officer. What are you going to sing?"



"Know anything about cosines and tangents and all that rot?"



To the Mothers of Britain

WOMEN who remain in their homes looking after their children are doing work of great national importance.

So, no matter what danger threatens, you must stick to your home and go on looking after the children. If your village or town is attacked, you must stay where you are, just as a soldier has to, unless you get orders from the police, military or Home Guard to move elsewhere.

Remember, if you stay in your air raid shelter, or downstairs in your house, you and

your children will be far safer from bombing or machine-gunning.

Half of Hitler's success in France and Belgium was caused by the fact that the mothers and children of those countries fled from their homes, and cluttered up the roads so that the army could not defend the country.

The Government of this country relies on the mothers of Britain to stick to their posts like soldiers. Remember, looking after children is a vital national service.

...that's why you must **STAY PUT**

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

On Camouflage for Cars

THERE is some chit-chat about the possibility of private cars being camouflaged. As I pointed out recently the avowed object is said to be the making of our roads less conspicuous from the air, for it appears that



Bassano
AMBULANCE DRIVER FOR SOUTH AFRICA

One of the twenty-six women ambulance drivers, members of the Mechanised Transport Corps, who will go to Kenya at the invitation of General Smuts for the duration of the war, is Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Harold Boyd-Rochfort, D.S.O., M.C., and daughter of Mr. J. B. Taylor, of Lancelevy, St. James, South Africa, who was the first President of the National Bank of South Africa. These ambulances were recently inspected by the High Commissioner, Mr. Sidney Waterson

the chromium-plated parts, windscreens, and even the polished cellulose body panels reflect the light and draw airmen's attention to the road.

My own experience from the air is that a river is the most easily recognisable feature, a railway line the next, and a road a bad third, unless it be built on the wide, sweeping lines of an *autobahn*. Then it must be remembered that camouflage is most effective when a vehicle is stationary and that even a camouflaged vehicle can be easily spotted when moving along a road. A motor-car, being highly mobile, would have to have a Protean camouflage to be rendered semi-invisible against all the backgrounds it might use in the course of its daily journeys. That, no doubt, has inspired some experts to patent an idea by which one side of a car is camouflaged so as to be effective against a country background, while the other side has an entirely different design to be used in built-up areas. The scheme is to park the car with one side outwards

in the country and the other side outwards in the town, thus blending the appropriate design against the background in use.

If private cars in great numbers were to be commandeered for Government service they would then have to be camouflaged just as the military vehicles are. But at the moment

I cannot see that the re-painting would serve any useful purpose. If the roads are as vulnerable as all that it is a pity that they themselves were not camouflaged, at any rate in the vicinity of important targets.

Personally, I think that a lot of people have gone camouflage-mad. I have seen immense sums spent in camouflaging factories which, as far as I know, have no military significance. Private people have also camouflaged their own homes, on the principle that "the church tower next door would be such an excellent mark for the enemy." Munition factories, on the other hand, are wisely protected by amazing designs, which break up their lines and thus convert long blocks of buildings into what look like numbers of small dwelling-houses. This plan has been carried out so effectively that it is doubtful if a saboteur, let alone an airman, would recognise the buildings he may have known well in peacetime.

The Mobile Home Guard

IT is good to hear that mobile units are to be added to the Home Guard, late L.D.V. The local motorist who in peacetime has explored every corner of his locality is the very man to know the quickest way from A to B in an emergency. And if this shortest route is cut off, he'll know the best way round. Presumably he can read a map, which is more than some of the more bucolic members of the Guard can do at present, and this too is an advantage. But he won't find his journeys quite as simple as they were in peacetime. He must be prepared to adventure to almost inaccessible spots, up narrow and perhaps precipitous lanes, and even out over the open fields. I asked one member of the Guard how he proposed to negotiate a local lane of about 1 in 4 with a full load on a very ancient Morris. "Well, last time I had to go up backwards" was his answer, the reason being that his reverse gear was lower than his first forward speed. "Reversing" up 1 in 4 by daylight is tricky enough, but what it will be like at night I hesitate to think. So my advice to him was to make an eight miles' detour by an easier road.

In the beginning of motoring this trick of reversing uphill was indulged in frequently. A friend of mine had a big Humber dated about 1906. On a routine journey from Preston to Coniston, in the Lake District, he invariably had to climb one hill backwards. Another feature of that car, or it may have been of my friend's cornering methods, was its habit of capsizing on bends. Hence it was nicknamed "The Deodar" from the song, "Under the Deodar," where my friend spent many anxious moments.



BRITISH FASHIONS FOR AMERICA

A mannequin parade of tailor-mades, coats and sports clothes, at which the English have always excelled, staged at the Dorchester, was opened by Sir Cecil Weir, an executive member of the Export Council of the Board of Trade, and Lady Weir. The garments being shown to members of the Council are some of those to be taken by a delegation to the U.S.A. to promote the sale of distinctive British goods to help forward the export trade and contribute towards the payment of aeroplanes and other war materials supplied to us by America



*The thirsty travellers'
quest is ended
When spirits with their
Schweppes is blended*

AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

Freedom for the Forces

THIS is still—if I may judge from the complaints of my friends in the Royal Air Force—the bore war. It is not that periods of frightful activity do not occur all too frequently; periods when large numbers of aircraft engage in air battles which are more destructive than any other kind of battles conceived or conceivable. It is not even that the periods of waiting are not tense with strategical expectation. No; it is that members of the Royal Air Force—

people, and especially the majority of those men of the high educational and physical standards demanded in the Service, are not interested in spouting politics from soap boxes. But they are interested in being allowed freedom to amuse themselves when they are off duty in their own way without being interfered with by police, prigs and prudes. That, however, is a form of freedom that is being denied them with increasing vehemence. National danger, as ever, is being seized on by the cranks to slip through their 'restrictive legislation.

The Chinese say: "You may be arrested by mistake; you will not be released by mistake." Restrictive legislation is easy to get into the statute book; it is almost impossible to take it out again.

Clubs and Pubs

It may seem a small point to make when nations clash and whole Continents are involved in a life and death struggle; but it is not and never has been a small point in reality. The freedom the fighting men want and fight for is not soap-box freedom of the kind visualized by the politicians, who cannot see farther than their own politics; but freedom to live their own lives in their own way. No sight is more indicative of a sense of frustration in the battle we have asked these men to fight, than the one I referred to the other day of soldiers, sailors and airmen on leave wandering about with nowhere to go, no bright and pleasant

places. They are doomed to the gloom of some hymn-ridden rest room under the sour eye of one of those sabbatical scolds or else to tramping the streets. There is nowhere for them to take their girl friends; nowhere for them to sit and watch the passing pageant of the streets; nowhere for them to drink in comfort and cheer.

Clubs flourish in this country because they have facilities for good cheer. But these fighting men do not belong to the Athenæum, although they are doing as much for their country as any member of that or any other club. They deserve consideration as human beings in search of happiness and not as riff-raff to be restrained by those who consider themselves their superiors. Let me make one more plea to the Home Secretary, Commissioner of Police and the hordes of controllers of this, that, and the other, to treat these men not as their inferiors, to be kept in kennels and cages, but as their equals to be given equal freedom and equal opportunity for pleasant living. Let us try and make the intervals which those in the Service can seize between their tremendous efforts, as cheerful as possible even if it does involve occasional slight risks to some people's ideals of Goodness and Gloom.

Saved by a Hair

Lord Beaverbrook's saucepans-for-Spitfires campaign was a big success and it set me thinking of other and more novel measures for inducing the population to make drastic individual economies in the consumption of things that can be used in the war effort. Steel and soap, I take it, are both useful commodities in the prosecution of the war. So why not an Order in Council forbidding all shaving from now on?

Judging from the prices charged for them and the claims made for them by their manufacturers, I should say that the saving in razor blades would give us enough extra steel to fulfil the entire requirements of the aircraft industry for a long time! And surely the soap would be useful, too. I can imagine no more imaginative and valuable Order than this. It would not only emphasize that every man of shaving age is playing a part in aiding the war effort; but it would also turn us into a more fearsome looking race when the enemy attacked. I present the idea to Mr. Morrison or whoever is chiefly concerned and trust that he will go to it without delay.

No more shaving. It is one of the luxuries which we can well do without during the war. So let us go all submarinelike. The cry must be back to beards!

There is a serious side to that suggestion. It is that an immediate and drastic order of that kind, affecting individual activities, would do much to convince the people that the Government is getting on with its job. It is the Government's morale that wants looking after, not the people's.

The same thing applies to the question of what should be talked about and what not in, private conversation. The attempt almost to abolish conversation by regarding everything as an official secret, or else as matter likely to interfere with the prosecution of the war was wrong. Free conversation is essential. It is impossible even to talk to a member of the Forces if there is always a feeling that the subject may be looked on as indiscreet. And to ask people never to allude to the war is to ask the impossible. There is no risk from giving much greater freedom in conversation of the people of this country. It is not from the ordinary public that danger and indiscretions arise.



THE COUNT AND COUNTESS CZERNIN—
AND "ESCORT"

Count Manfred Czernin who, before the anchluss, owned the Czernin Palace in Vienna, is now a flying officer serving in one of our "Hurricane" squadrons. His squadron wish the erroneous tally of eight Hun machines to his credit corrected to eighteen, the count having been too modest to do this for himself

and I suppose the same is true for the other two Services—are not and cannot be involved in continuous military activity and that when they are not so involved, when they look for rest and recreation and pleasure, there is nothing to do. Nothing to do, nowhere to go, no amusements, no fun, no perceptible life anywhere. Everything has been or is being shut down by the outraged screams of the sabbatical scolds, who seem to be indigenous to this country. If a show is put on for the forces it will be so washed and scrubbed and cleansed and disinfected that there will be nothing left but a damp, discoloured rag; nothing at all. So the alternatives remain, either war or bore.

We are—I think, I once heard somebody say—fighting for freedom—to do what? Mention the word freedom in Parliament and somebody will immediately explain that freedom does not mean freedom, but discipline, or, at most, freedom to get up and spout politics from a soap box. But the majority of



WING COMMANDER W. E. STATON,
D.S.O. (and Bar), M.C., D.F.C. (and Bar)

From the portrait by Captain Orde.

Wing Commander William Ernest Staton was awarded the D.S.O. and Bar for outstanding gallantry and leadership in the recent operations over Bremen. His other decorations, earned in the last war, in which he brought down twenty-five enemy machines, are the M.C. and the D.F.C. and Bar. Captain Orde, the artist, was in the R.A.F. in the last war, is now painting R.A.F. pictures and portraits for the Air Ministry

A MESSAGE TO *Leaders of Business and Finance*

THE OWNERSHIP OR CONTROL of money is at all times a grave responsibility. In this war it is a responsibility of deeper significance. It is the imperative duty of us all to place our available money at the disposal of the State in the form in which the Government needs it and at the time when it is required. To withhold it is to weaken the Country's financial fabric and thus to prolong the war. If you have money in your possession or within your control, release it. Lend it now by subscribing to National War Bonds. This is the form in which the country needs the help of its Leaders of Business and Finance — and needs it today.

2½% National War Bonds

(1945-47)

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

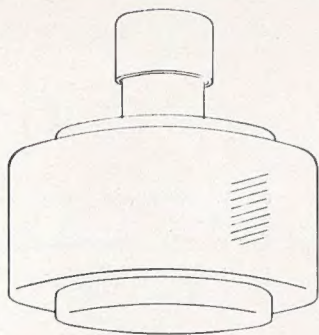


WOMEN all the world over like to own a suit which bears the name of "Braemar," created by Innes Henderson, of Hawick. They are sold by outfitters of prestige. The coat and skirt above are of jacquard botany wool, while the pullover is of cashmere. Important features of the coat are the padded shoulders, and step revers. There are also turn suits and cardigans

A NEW note is struck in the coat and skirt on the right. Although it is lined with crêpe de Chine, there are others in plain linen, it seems almost unnecessary to add that they are admirably tailored, so is everything in these salons. Neither must it be overlooked that there are washing and flannel frocks for 2½ guineas, while striped Macclesfield silk dresses are five guineas



Photographs by George Miles

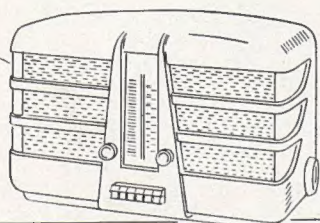


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useful advertisements. Pin
them up in your kitchen.

PLEASE make full use of the fruit and vegetables now so plentiful. It is important that we should eat home produce rather than food which has to come from overseas. *Never* waste anything, however small. *Never* eat more than enough. You'll be fitter, you'll save money, you'll make cargo space available for materials of war. *Every time you cook you can help or hinder Hitler!*

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HEALTH HINT.

Among the protective foods, *salads* have a high place. Eat a salad every day while they are so plentiful.



BUTTER PAPER. Always scrape the paper in which butter or margarine has been wrapped. The papers themselves should be saved for greasing baking dishes or covering food while it is cooking in the oven.

REMEMBER that a plate of fresh home-grown fruit (plums for example) makes a refreshing dish. It will save fuel and will help to cut down the nation's consumption of imported food. *You can hear other useful time-and-fuel-saving hints on the wireless each morning at 8.15.*

RECIPE for Vegetable Hot-Pot

Prepare and cut into convenient pieces $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. potatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. carrots, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. onions and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. turnips. Put into a saucepan with a teacupful of hot water, put on the lid, bring to the boil and cook for 15 minutes. Then add a teacupful of shelled peas, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. tomatoes and a few sprigs of mint, season with salt and pepper, put on the lid again and cook for 20 minutes more. Strain off the liquid which can be used in preparing a parsley sauce to serve with the vegetables.

Another way: If an ounce of dripping or margarine can be spared it should be melted in the saucepan and the vegetables tossed in it before the water is added to the pan. This much improves the flavour of the hot-pot.

Save food, spare cargo-space, save money!

The Way of the War—(Contd. from p. 215)

General Tojo were symptomatic. But according to the best opinions in London and Washington only the hotheaded militarists really believe that Japan's interests would be served by any act of open hostility against Britain.

On this reading of the situation Japan will pursue towards the Powers of the West the same policy as Russia is pursuing in the same direction; namely, to grab new positions whenever it is evident that her opponents are fully engaged elsewhere. If Hitler and Mussolini succeed in opening up conditions of active warfare in the North Sea and Mediterranean areas simultaneously, Japan may be expected to try her own luck in Malaysia or elsewhere. In the meantime we may expect to see the pot kept on the simmer for a while.

British Cabinet Changes

It seems that the first reports on the serious nature of the abdominal operation performed on Mr. Neville Chamberlain were exaggerated. But the possibility of Cabinet changes was already being actively canvassed before even it was known that the Lord President had fallen ill. The names then under discussion as subject to review included those of Lord Halifax, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Arthur Greenwood.

Inclusion of Lord Beaverbrook in the War Cabinet as Minister of Aircraft Production must, one is bound to assume, be no more than a stage in the programme. No man could run so important and exacting department and give the requisite time and attention to the work of the Cabinet in all its aspects. Nor would it seem feasible to include the Secretary of State for one service—assuming that Lord Beaverbrook became Air Minister—without including the other two. But

this would be to restore the situation deliberately changed by Mr. Churchill on taking office as Premier.

More probable is a considerable reconstruction affecting a few senior posts but deferred for a few weeks longer. THE END

* * *

HELP OUR WAR PRISONERS

THE TATLER commends a good cause—the British Prisoners of War in German Prison Camps. The Red Cross supply food and clothing and have an educational book scheme, but the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund is the only organization providing fiction, travels, biographies and other reading matter, including testaments and prayer books. It supplies team and indoor games, music and musical instruments, gramophones and records, materials for hobbies.

The regulations forbid the acceptance by the Fund of any books, games, or other goods, but TATLER readers can "adopt" a prisoner for 5s. a month and thus keep him supplied with books, puzzles and games. Money subscriptions, or a banker's order for a regular monthly or annual sum, should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund, Carrington House, Hertford Street, W.1.

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* * *

CORRECTION

In our issue of July 24 a photograph of Lord Andrew Cavendish dining out in London was inadvertently described as Lord Harrington. We much regret this error and apologize for any inconvenience it may have caused.

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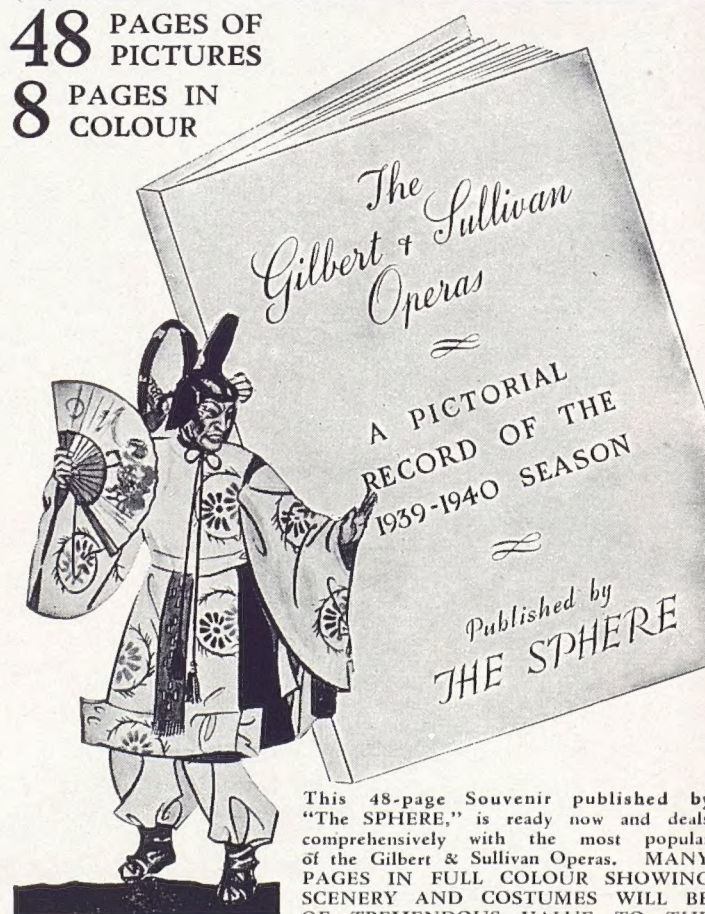
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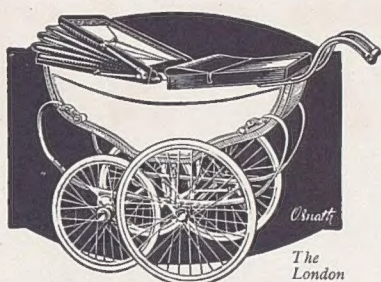
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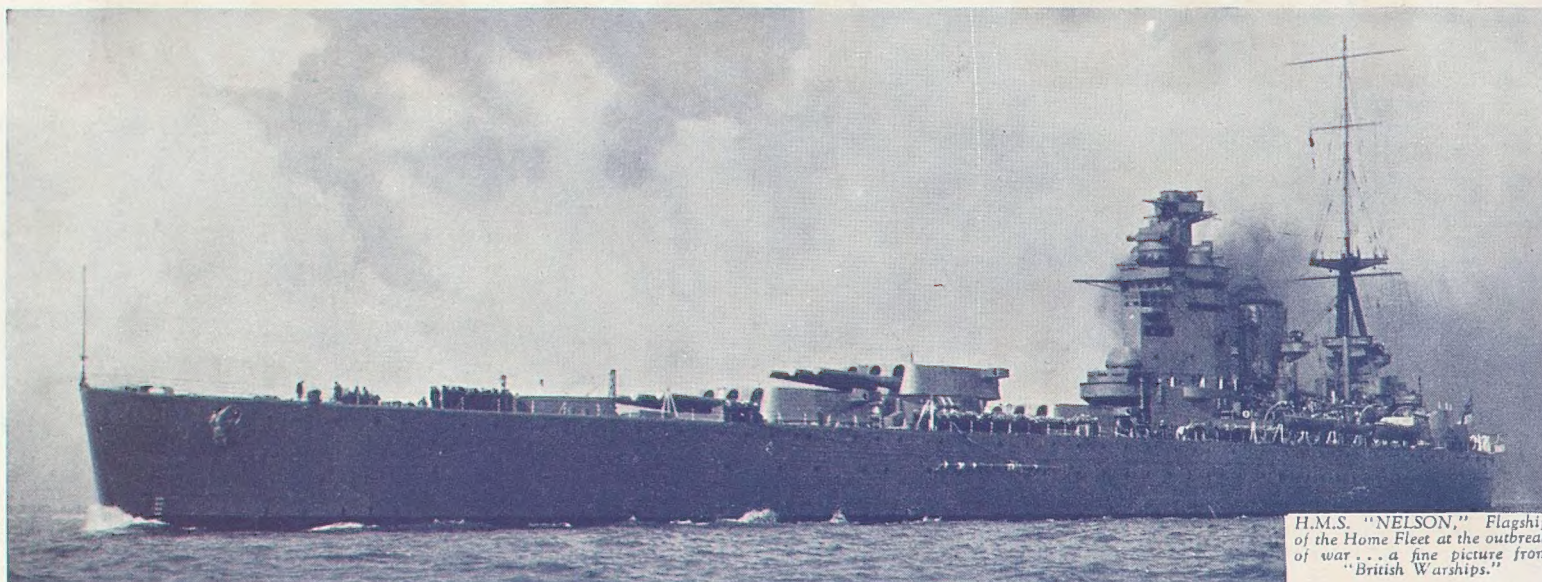
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